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Disney  
**PIRATES** *of the*  
**CARIBBEAN**

✧ 5 ✧

DEAD MEN TELL  
NO TALES

加勒比海盜：死無對證



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## 加勒比海盗5:死无对证

### Pirates of the Caribbean 5: Dead Men Tell No Lies

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## PROLOGUE

**“LET ME TELL YOU A STORY—A TALE  
OF THE GREATEST TREASURE ANY  
MAN CAN HOLD ...”**

As the full moon poured through his window, twelve-year-old Henry Turner looked up, a surge of excitement running through him. It was time to go. There was no question about it. For years, he had been poring over his books, delving<sup>①</sup> deep into the legends of the sea, and now he'd finally found what he needed.

With a heart squeezed tight in hope, Henry glanced around his dimly lit room. Well-worn nautical<sup>②</sup> charts and marked-up maps were spread across his desk, their curling edges held down by shells

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① delve *v.* 研究, 钻研 ② nautical *adj.* 航海的

and rocks plucked from the beach, and scattered on the bed were books, sea creatures roaring from their open pages. A figure so distorted by barnacles<sup>①</sup> that he was hardly recognizable as a man lurched upward, as though to seize the reader in his arms.

Amid the clutter of myths and legends, a roguish<sup>②</sup> face stared out from a poster, the bold letters under his disarming smile spelling out *WANTED: Jack Sparrow*. As Henry cinched<sup>③</sup> his belt, getting ready to leave, he glanced at another picture—one of his father, Will Turner.

It had been years since Henry had seen him, but every day he studied the handsome face, looking for echoes of it in his own, and he often confided his secret dreams and fears to it, as though his father could hear him.

“I’m coming, Father,” he whispered, his voice determined.

Henry blew out the candle and grabbed a

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① barnacle *n.* 藤壶，附着于船底的甲壳动物

② roguish *adj.* 调皮的，恶作剧的 ③ cinch *v.* 系紧

drawing from his wall. In it, the fearsome sea god Poseidon<sup>①</sup> reared above the waves, brandishing his Trident<sup>②</sup> and commanding everything before him.

After one last glance at his father's image, the boy crawled out the window into the inky-black night. As he scrambled along the tile roof, the moonlight glinted off his goal: the ocean covering the far horizon.

A short while later, a tiny boat bobbed over the waves, with Henry alone at the oars. Beneath him lay the unfathomable<sup>③</sup> depths of the sea, a mystery to even the most learned scholars. Below the surface, mountains loomed and canyons plunged deep into darkness. In this expanse were creatures yet to be discovered—alive or dead—and a priceless treasure that could change his life forever.

Though he was young, Henry was wise for his years—he thought so, anyway. While other kids had pretended to be soldiers, waging battle among

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① Poseidon *n.* (传说中的海神) 波塞冬 ② trident *n.* 三叉戟

③ unfathomable *adj.* 深不可测的



the marshes of the island, he had hung around the docks, learning all he could about sailing, and soaking up stories of the sea. He'd collected anecdotes and rumors as though they were jewels, and carefully filed them all away.

However, none of the tales could match his mother's stories of his father. As far as Henry was concerned, no man, living or dead, was as courageous as Will Turner, who had sacrificed everything to save those he loved.

Henry hummed softly as he rowed, the music keeping time for his strokes. "Yo-ho, yo-ho ..."

Once he was satisfied he was out far enough—his island home nothing but a blur on the horizon—Henry paused and pulled his oars into the boat, locking them in place. He made his way to a large burlap<sup>①</sup> sack and hefted it over the bow, the heavy rocks inside knocking together with a series of dull thunks.

*Sploosh!* As the sack dropped overboard, the

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① burlap *n.* 粗麻布

rope attached to it unwound frantically like a mad dog, the coils whirling closer and closer to the other end—which was fastened to Henry's right leg.

Now he couldn't undo what was about to happen even if he wanted to.

With complete confidence—and a fearless optimism he had inherited from his mother, Elizabeth Swann, who had commanded pirates, escaped from monsters, and sailed into and out of the afterlife—Henry took a deep breath and jumped into the murky<sup>①</sup> depths.

Then it was all darkness. As he fell deeper and deeper, the weight of the sack tugging him down, Henry stayed calm, despite his bursting lungs.

Just as his eyes began to close from the lack of air, his feet struck something solid. Rising from the depths, the wooden deck of a ship had intercepted<sup>②</sup> his fall.

Even though he had expected it, Henry was flooded with relief as the ship sped to the surface.

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① murky *adj.* 昏暗的 ② intercept *v.* 拦住, 截住

*The faster, the better*, he thought, almost out cold from the loss of oxygen.

An earsplitting charge of spray leapt from the surface as the ship burst into the night sky. Gallons of water were displaced, cascading<sup>①</sup> over the edge of the massive ship and tracing the name etched on its side: *The Flying Dutchman*. Hundreds of wooden planks screamed as they adjusted to the difference in pressure.

Henry lay on the deck, drawing in great gasps, as the figure of a man approached from the shadows.

“Dad ...” Henry’s voice cracked.

Will Turner stared in disbelief, his face filling with agony<sup>②</sup> as he recognized his son on his dreadful vessel.

“Henry, what have you done?” Will asked. Henry had grown so much since the last time they’d met. Will thought longingly of all the moments he had missed—Henry’s first words, first

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① cascade v. 像瀑布般倾泻而下 ② agony n. 痛苦

steps—and of all the future moments he would never witness. The only thing Will's future held was death, just like the past ten years had held.

“I said I'd find you,” Henry piped up cheerfully, moving toward his father.

But Will immediately recoiled<sup>①</sup>. “Stay away from me!” At the hurt expression on Henry's face, his voice softened. “Look at me, Son.”

Will stepped into a beam of moonlight. His once handsome features were now encrusted with ten years of barnacles, algae<sup>②</sup>, and small squirming creatures. His gaze was dull from a decade of despair.

Henry didn't flinch. “I don't care,” he declared.

Will wanted more than anything to embrace his son. But he knew Henry needed to leave, fast—before, like him, his boy was stuck there forever. “There is no place for you on the *Dutchman*. Go home to your mother—”

“No,” Henry interrupted.

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① recoil v. 畏缩 ② algae n. (alga的复数) 海藻

*Shuffle, shuffle, creak.* Rustling reached them from below the deck. The crew of the *Dutchman* were stirring, sensing the life force of Henry.

“They know you’re here,” Will said, his voice tight. He unsheathed<sup>①</sup> his sword and, with one swipe, cut the rope binding Henry to the sack. “Leave before it’s too late.”

“I won’t. And if you throw me over, I’ll come straight back.” Henry lifted his chin, ignoring the slight queasiness<sup>②</sup> in his stomach at the thought of the others on board.

Will threw his arms up in frustration. Why couldn’t his son understand? “Don’t you see I’m cursed? Condemned to this ship!”

“That’s why I’m here,” Henry said excitedly. “I think I know a way to break your curse—to free you from the *Dutchman*!”

“Henry, no.” Will shook his head, but his son kept right on talking.

“I’ve read about a treasure—a treasure that

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① unsheathe v. 将(刀、剑等)拔出鞘 ② queasiness n. 恶心

holds all the power of the sea. The Trident of Poseidon can break your curse!”

As Will saw the desperation in Henry’s face, his instincts took over. He pulled his boy into his arms and held him tight.

“Henry, the Trident can never be found,” he said gently. His son needed to abandon his foolish quest before he wound up dead—or worse. “It’s not possible. It’s just a tale.”

“Like the tales of you and Captain Jack Sparrow? He’ll help me find the Trident.” Henry’s voice was defiant<sup>①</sup>.

Will raised his eyebrows at the name. While he had an inexplicable fondness for the pirate captain, the last thing he wanted was for his son to get tangled up with a man who had a knack<sup>②</sup> for getting into never-ending trouble.

“Stay away from Jack,” Will warned. “Leave the sea forever, and stop acting like—”

“A pirate?” Henry asked. He couldn’t understand

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① defiant *adj.* 公然违抗的 ② knack *n.* 本领, 技能

why his father wasn't leaping at the chance to be free. Did he not think Henry was up to the task? "I won't stop. You're my father."

No matter what it took, Henry would track down Jack and the Trident. He'd prove to his father that he was brave and clever.

"I'm sorry, Son," Will whispered, wishing he could be the father Henry needed. The best he could do was try to keep Henry safe and far away from the sea. "My curse will never be broken—this is my fate. You have to let me go."

Will glanced over his shoulder, to the door belowdecks. He and Henry were out of time. He took the amulet<sup>①</sup> from around his neck, pressed it into Henry's hands, and guided him to the rail.

"I will always be in your heart. I love you, Son." Will helped Henry up and over the edge.

Henry took a moment to imprint<sup>②</sup> his father's face—barnacles and all—on his mind. Then he let go of the rail and dove into the water.

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① amulet *n.* 护身符 ② imprint *v.* 铭记

Will watched Henry's thin, wiry frame as he reluctantly climbed back onto his rowboat. The boy still believed in the folly<sup>①</sup> of happy endings. Will hoped his son didn't have to learn the truth as painfully as he had.

The *Flying Dutchman* disappeared back into the sea. As Henry settled into his rowboat, the glassy ocean surface left no trace of the massive craft. He was alone again.

But he was more determined than ever to free his father from his wretched fate. So instead of humming as he rowed to shore, Henry passed the time by repeating the name of the one he was sure would help him reach his goal: "Captain Jack Sparrow ..."

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① folly *n.* 愚蠢的想法



